

Private. Public. Transit. Inheritance.  
Synnøve Anker Aurdal (1908 - 2000)  
Victor Boulet

I photographed Synnøve Anker Aurdal on numerous occasions in the period 1995 - 96.  
I got to know her, I liked her, I still like her, I remember her vividly. She rang me once saying; *where is my piece? Come back with it.* I had promised to document one of her later, smaller tapestry works, I got delayed, she tracked me down and I was told off. She was sharp and quick.  
(I found my photos in the chest of drawers)

Crucial, a thank you to all the people that have made this possible. Below the thank you path to this show, plus a double warm bonus. (Important for future reference, thank the people that think they have been involved, if not, it might be mentioned in conversation later, sulk, sulk - The bigger the names the better - Danke)

#Thank Thank you Per Hovdenakk  
#Thank Thank you Siri Anker Aurdal  
#Thank Thank you Helen Gulaker Hansen  
#Thank Thank you François Piron  
#Thank Thank you Mats Stjernstedt  
#Thank Thank you Stephanie von Spreter  
#Bonus Thank you Svein Kojan  
#Bonus Thank you Hege Nyborg

That this material has surfaced and that I can rummage (contemporary conceptual rummage blah blah) and exhibit the content of that chest of drawers, is interesting in itself. This material will disappear into the abyss of a national archive and never be seen complete again. The chest of drawers will be demolished by an aesthetic controller hired and paid by the Norwegian government. Please enjoy what you see.

Synnøve Anker Aurdal's tapestry piece entitled The Bureaucrats was sold to the Norwegian government - (hahaha) - Synnøve Anker Aurdal never made the work in admiration of a bureaucrat, I do wonder if the bureaucrat that bought the tapestry thought exactly that. (?)  
I recall her smile that turned into a laugh when I asked her about that tapestry.  
The Tapestry is a trojan horse, it surveys the thoughtless bureaucrats making their daily self-important and bad decisions. (I remember the music I played that day before knocking on her door. AJFA / Track 8)

(hahaha)  
(hahaha)  
(hahaha)  
(hahaha)

A conceptual idea not supported. I hoped that Synnøve Anker Aurdal's private photographs could have been shown on tables from The Norwegian National Museum. Photos on tables, the space from Synnøve Anker Aurdal's photographs down to the floor could have been a social sculpture. I sent a text message, no reply, and then called the Norwegian National Museum director Audun Eckhoff, he confirmed that he had received my text. I explained my matter. He answered; *please send an email to Sabrina Van der Ley regarding this very odd and unusual request.*

No reply  
No reply  
No reply  
No reply  
No reply

Nordenfjeldske has apparently shown sporadic interest in the content of the chest of drawers. I understand that one cannot archive, store or save everything that is produced by an artist. The paradox; art that is lost or has no home (transit) is imbued with a negation that creates an awareness. In many cases our National heritage is not immediately understood and is quickly manhandled or destroyed. (if lucky it's stolen, burnt down or taken by a tsunami; that creates the correct public awareness, bingo)

*Biographers should show people in their undershirts. Goethe had his weakness, and Calvin was often cruel. Considerations of this kind reveal the true greatness of a man. This way of looking at things is better than false hero worship.* C G. Jung 1946

I remember looking at Synnøve Anker Aurdal sitting next to Ludvig Eikass at their kitchen table, I took a picture of them, not sure I have that photo or negative today.

The chest of drawers is a temple of self obsessed material and I recognise that manic need to document work. The mixture of content in the five drawers is just marvellous. It's very private and it can only belong to Synnøve Anker Aurdal. The photographic material should stay in the chest of drawers, remain as found. Searching through the drawers there is a hidden hope of finding an old snap shot of Ludvig Eikass and his friend Tor Hoff, together.

Synnøve Anker Aurdal descending from a landed plane in Mallorca.

Synnøve Anker Aurdal lying on a bed, hot and tanned.

Synnøve Anker Aurdal modelling next to her loom.

Synnøve Anker Aurdal with unknown person.

Synnøve Anker Aurdal eating breakfast.

Synnøve Anker Aurdal out of focus.

Synnøve Anker Aurdal at a table

Synnøve Anker Aurdal walking.

Synnøve Anker Aurdal sitting.

I will read Synnøve's letter from Per Aabel.

The material and the chest of drawers should stay in the South of Norway, Oslo.

Kjell Askildsen wrote in 1953; *Have you ever seen a one day old child with blue marks on it's neck and eyes wide open, dead eyes.*

I visited Carl Nesjar the other day, he took my hand and looked me into the eyes and said; *It's soon over I will die.* Carl Nesjar invited me to Paris in 1995, we got food poisoned.

Destroy.

Destroy.

Destroy.

Destroy.

Please do not demolish, touch or move parts of the Y building. (Y Blokka, Oslo)

One thing that comes to mind is a fragment from a poem of the late Norwegian poet Tor Ulven; *The fall is falling.* (I would add even; *even* the fall is falling) (Fall as in tumble)

Should a Museum Director speculate

The inside of an empty room, a room that stored something of importance.

The content of the room is destroyed, but not missed.

I walk down the basement corridor. I recognise nothing.

Synnøve

*Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen aß,  
Wer nie die kummervollen Nächte  
Auf seinem Bette weinend saß,  
Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte.*

*Ihr führt ins Leben uns hinein,  
Ihr laßt den Armen schuldig werden,  
Dann überlaßt ihr ihn der Pein:  
Denn alle Schuld rächt sich auf Erden.*  
Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship  
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749- 1832)

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Stange Chicken. Norwegian corruption? - !

Artist on artist

And a blurred photo that might indicate that what was in that room, is of importance?

Loophole

rubbish.  
rubbish.  
rubbish.

Entertainment

Any dilatory bureaucrats with his ego blinkers on is always unpunctual

Ilford

If that empty room is consequential to me and not the content, does that mean that the chest of drawers, empty

A conceptual cavity of irritation.

Oslo, June 2014  
Victor